RUFUS CHOATE, AT BOSTON.

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[Exrects from his speech.]

It is well that in one year, so busy, so secular, so discordant, there couses one day when the word is, and when the emotion is, "our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country." It is well that law—our so only severeign on earth—duty, not less the daughter of God, not less within its sphere supreme, custom not old dadore, but homored and useful, memories, our heart, have set a time in which—scythe, loom, and anvil stilled, wharves atlent, the flag—our flag unrent—the flag of our gleve and commemoration waving ou masthead, steeple and highland, we may come together, and walk hand in hand, thoughtful, admiring, through these galleries of civil greatness; when we may own together the spell of one hour of our history upon us all; when faults may be forgotten, kindness revived, virtues remembered and sketched unblanned; when the arrogance of reform, the excesses of reform, the strikes of parties, the rivalries of regions, shall give place to a wider, warmer, and Juster sentiment; when, turning from the corners and dark places of offensiveness, if such the candle lighted by malignity, or envy, or censoriousness, or truth has revealed anywhere; when, turning from these, we may go up together to the screen and secret mountain-top, and there pause, and there units in the reverent exchanation and in the exultant prayer:—How beautiful at last are Thy abermacies! What people at last is like unto Thee! Peace be within 'Thy palaces and levy tithin Thy gates! The high places are Thine and there shalt 'Thou stand proufly, and innocently, and securely.

Happy if such a day shall not be descerated by our service! Happy if for us that descending am shall look out on a more loving, more elyvated, more united America? These, no less, no narrower, be the atms of our celebration. In its origin, a recital of defence of this celebration. In its origin, a recital of defence of this celebration. In its origin, a recital of defence of this celebration. These ways were the

all rights, keeps all compacts, recognises all dangers, pities all sufferings, ignores no fact, master and slave it enfolds alike.

It happens thus, that it contracts the sphere of our duty somewhat, and changes not the nature but the times, the places, the mode of performing them; it does not make our love cold, but it makes it safe; it naturalizes it, it happless it into our life, it circumscribes it within our capacities and necessities, it sets on it the great national public seal. If you say that thus our putriotiam limits our philanthropy, I answer ours is American philanthropy. Be this the virtue we boast, and this the name by which we know it.

In this name, in this quality, find the standard and the utterance of the virtue itself. By this, not by broad phylacteries and chief seets; the Keener hate, the gloomies fanaticism, the louder cry, judge, compare, subordinate. Do they think that nobody is a philanthropist but themselves? We, too, look up the long vista, and gaze, wrapt at the dazzling ascent; we, too, see towers rising, crowned, imperial, and the tribes coming to bend in the opening of a latter day. But we see peace, order, reconciliation of rights along that succession of refsrm, the presiding instrumentalities of national life. We see our morality working itself clearer and clearer; one historical or conventional right or wrong after another falling peacefully and still; we hear the chain breaking, but there is no blood on it; none of his whom it bound; mone of his who put it on him; we hear the swelling chorus of the free, but master and slave unite in that chorus, and there is no discordant shriek above the harmony; we ace and we hall the blending of our own glory with the eternal light of God; but we see, too, shapes of love and beauty ascending and descending there as in the old vision!

Hold fast this hope; distrust the philanthropy, distrust the ethics which would, which must, turn it into shame. Do no evil that good may come. Perform your share, for you have a share, in the noble and ge

CALEB CUSHING AT TAMMANY HALL.

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Fellow-citizens: As I rise on this occasion to address you, innumerable thick-coming fancies and thronging thoughts of nationality and of patriotism crewd on the mind. I see, in imagination, all the noble hosts of the martyns of civil and religious liberty in Europe crossing the seas to found other empires of their own, by the rivers and lakes, on the mountains and prairies, and in the solemn forest-depths of America. I behold a new world, with its populous cifies—with its agriculture, its commerce, and its arts—with its institutions of knowliedge and charity—with its brave men and fair women, and its happy homes—with its fresh and clastic vigor of youth-born, a titanic progeny, out of the teeming letter of the eld world. I perceive the long procession of the great and the good renowned statesmen and famous warrions, the founders of the republic. I witness the advent of imperial State after imperial State as heralded by the eloquence of senates and the tumult of popular emotion, they manch up, one after the other, and wheel into the lines of the grand army of the American Union.

Which, of all these dazzling objects, those reminiscences and premonitions of glory, as they pass along the incide chambers of the intellectual vision—which shall the will of the orator call forth, if he may, and arrest for present contemplation—which shall he endeavor to imbody in spic words, to awake anew to-day the cchoes of Taminany Hall?

What human lips, indeed, are worthy of the sublimity of such a theme? It is our country which on this day looms up in thought before as, with all the infinite ideas of past, of present, and of future glory, incarnated as it were, in that great figure. Our country! It should be the footsteps of a celestial messenger, to conduct us from bright point to bright point in the pathway of her fame, that resplendent pathway.

""Whose dust is good, and payment stars."

"Whose dust is gold,
"Whose dust is gold,
"And pavement stars."

It should be the trumpet voice of a god to proclaim her glories from pinnacle to answering pinnacle in the wide from summit of her power, as "leeps the live thunder" from summit to summit along the etherial heights or the mountains. Behold her, where she stands, in all the indicaty and strength of her colossal proportions, the ampersonation of republican liberty and order, the statu-

enque image of democratic energy and force, the great American republic!

"The name of Commonwealth is past and gone, O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe Still one great clime, in full and free defiance, Yet tears her crost, unconquered and subline, Above the far Atlantic."

Aye, and not "above the far Atlantic" alone, but now, also, above the far Pacific. She is the "vestal" of unrified independence always, and still "throned by the West," but with foot advanced towards that utter West, which in the circling earth joins the orient East. Behold her thus, I say, as, with the olive-branch of peace in one hand and the image of victory in the other, she stands, her loins girt with the azure and white bands of the sky, and her head diademed with the constellated orbs of heaven. That is our country—to be loved, honored, and worshipped at all times—but on this day especially to be incensed with heart-offerings of adoration and of devotion by the universal acclaim of all who bear, or deserve to bear, the name of American.

Wonderful, west wonderful is the recyclicities of God!

But why, at last, do I exhort, and why do I seem to fear, on such a day as this? Is it not the nation's birth-day? Is it not this country of our love and hopes which celebrates it? This music of the glad march, these banners of pride and beanty, these memories so fragrant, these resolutions of patriotism, so thoughtful, these hands pressed, these congratulations and huzzaings and tears, this great heart throbbing audibly—are they not here, and do they not assure us?

These forests of masts, these singing workshops of labor, these fields and plantations whitening for the harvest, this peace and plenty, this sleeping thunder, these bolts in the closed, strong talon—do they not all tell us of her health, her strength, and future? This shadow that flits across our grasses and is gone, this shallow ripple that durkens the surface of our broad and widening stream, and passes away; this little perturbation which our telescope cannot find, and which our science can hardly find, but which we know cannot change the course or hasten the doom of one star; have these any terrors for us? And He who slumbers not, nor sleeps, who keeps watchfully the city of His love, on whose will the shields of the earth belong, our father's God, is He not our God, and of whom then, and of what, shall we be afraid? And the Table and the restriction of the protein control of the prot

for any nation to deny to the United States her full enjoyment of this common property. It was for the full and undisturbed enjoyment of this right that our fathers, when much less prepared for war than we are now, engaged in the conflict of 1812; and for this right we ware ready to strike in 1858. Let a foreign power, under any pretence whatever, insult the American flag, and it will find that we are not a divided people, but that a mighty arm will be raised to smite down the insulter.

And this great country will confinue united. Trifling politicians in the South, or in the North, or in the West, may continue to talk otherwise, but it will be of no avail. They are like the mosquitoes around the or, they amony, but they cannot wound, and never kill. There was a common interest which run through all the diversified occupations and various products of these sovereign States; there was a common subtained of nationality which beat in every American bosom; there were common memories sweet to us all, and, though clouds had occasionally darkened our political sky, the good sense and the good feeling of the people had thus far averted any catastrophe destructive of our constitution and the Union. It was in fraternity and an elevation of principle which rose superior to sectional or individual aggrandizement that the foundations of our Union were laid; and if we, the present generation, be worthy of our ancestry, we shall not only protect those foundations from destruction, but build higher and wider this temple of liberty, and inscribe perpetuity upon its tablet.

In the course of his beautiful speech, Senator Davis passed a noble enlogium on our mother country; and dwelt on the many reasons why the most cordial friendship should be maintained with her; and he concluded by a tribute to the fair sex—the women—beautiful woman; to the work and operative—upon the dreary waste of cean, on the lonely prairie, in the troublous contests at the mational halls. And when the arm is nerved in the deadly conflicts of the battle-fi

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majestic form. This is the occasion and the day, for who needs to be told how much the cause of independence owes to the services and character of Washington, to the purity of that stainless purpose, to the firmness of that resolute soul! This is the spot, this immortal hall, from which as from an altar went forth the burning coals that kindled into a consuming fire at Lexington and Concord, at Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights. We, citizens of Boston, are the men, for the first great success of Washington in the revolutionary war was to restore to our fathers their ancient and beloved native town. This is the time, the accepted time, when the voice of the Father

The SW is of section 17; the S is, of 18; sections 18 and 20; the S is of 21; the SW is of 22; the SW is of 26; sections 27 to 34; inclusive, and the W is of section 35 of consulting length section 1 to 5; inclusive; the NE is of 6; sections 8 to 14; inclusive; the NE is of 6; sections 8 to 14; inclusive; the NE is of 6; sections 8 to 14; inclusive; the NE is of 70; sections 8 to 14; and 18; and

Sections 1 to 15, inclusive; section 17; the NE \(\lambda \) of 15; the NE \(\lambda \) of 21; sections 22 to 28, inclusive; the NE \(\lambda \) of 27; and section 35, of township four, of range 42.

The 8\(\lambda \) of section 7; the 8\(\lambda \) of 8; the 8\(\lambda \) of NE \(\lambda \), the 8\(\lambda \) of NW \(\lambda \), and the 8W \(\lambda \) of section 10; sections 11 to 35 inclusive; of township one, and townships free, three, and four, of range seven.

sions 17, 18, 19, 20, and 21; the W 3, of 20; sections 30, 31, 32, and 33; and the W 3, of 34 of township fifteen; sections 4 to ten, inclusive the S 3, of 11; the W 3, of the SE 3, of 12; the N 3, of 13; the N 3, of 14; the N 3, and 15; the N 3, to 14; the N 3, and 15; the N 3, to 14; the N 3, and 15; the N 3, to 14; the N 3, and 15; the N 3, to 14; the N 3, and 15; the N 3, to 15; the N 3, the

of township seventeen; fractional township ciphteen; the NW & of section 1; sections 2 to 11, inclusive; the SW & of 13; and sections 14 to 35, inclusive, of township mindeen, and fractional township incenty, of range twenty size.

Soction 17, the SE & of 18; the W % of 10; the SW & of 29; the W % and the SE & of 30; the E & of 10; the E & of SW & and the NE & of SW & of action 31; section 32; and the SE & of sw & action 33; section 33; and the SE & of section 43; section 33; of township secunteen; the W & of section 2; fructional medium 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9; section 10; the N & of 21; the W & of 22; section 30; the NW & of 31; and the NE & of 32; the W & of 22; section 30; the NW & of 31; and the NE & of 32; the W & of 22; sections 3; the NW & of 31; and the NE & of 32; the W & of 22; sections 3; the number of 31; and the NE & of 32; the W & of 22; sections 32; the M & of 34; the SW & of 13; the SW & of 14; the S & of 15; the sections 15; and 17; to 23; inclusive; the W & of 14; the W & of 25; and sections 20 to 35, inclusive, of township second, at the land office at Los Assumes, commencing an Monday, the sec-

ted in the following townships and parts of townships, viz:

North of the base line and west of the San Bernardino meridi